



hell.



地獄

西岡兄妹・自選作品集



地獄

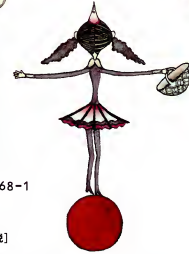
西岡兄妹自選作品集



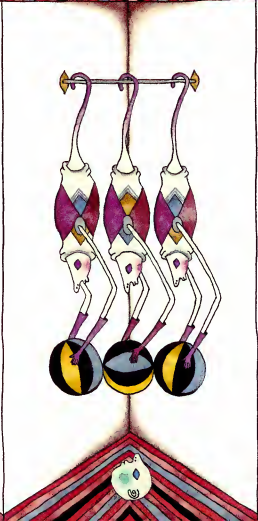
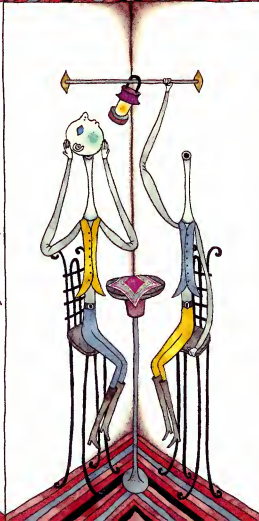
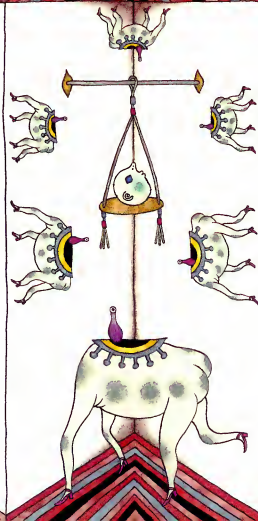
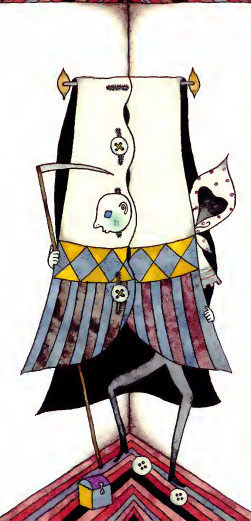
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定価 [本体 1500円+税]



青林工藝舎

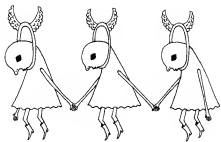




hell.

地獄 ● 西岡兄妹自選作品集 ●





●西岡兄妹●自選作品集●

地獄

SOMEWHERE NOT LIKE THAT

ANGEL

I RAN LIKE A TIGER

A DAY FOR AN OUTING

THE WOMAN WITH NO FACE

BOAT

OUR GANG

NIGHT

KEY

GOD

HELL

APPLE-SELLING SONG

AFTERWORD BY OSHITA SANAE

"THROUGH THE EYES OF NISHIOKA KYODAI"

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Jigoku
Nishioka Kyodai

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TRANSLATION - MEGCHAN
RAWS - ELEMHUNTER
CLEANING / RESIZING - LAIKA
TYPESETTING - MIGERU

Thanks for reading!

Somewhere Not Like That

Nishioka Kyodai

I'll go
some-
where
not
like
that.

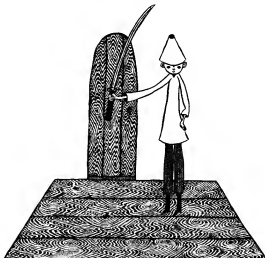


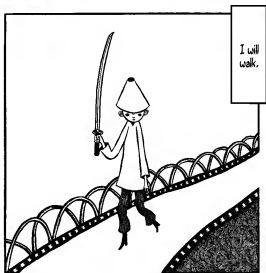
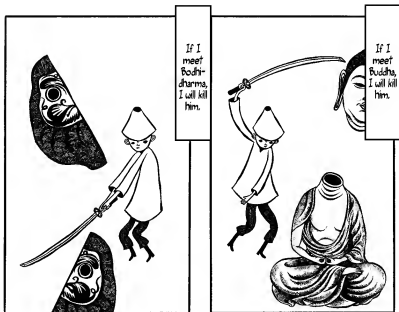
I'll go
some-
where
not
like
that.

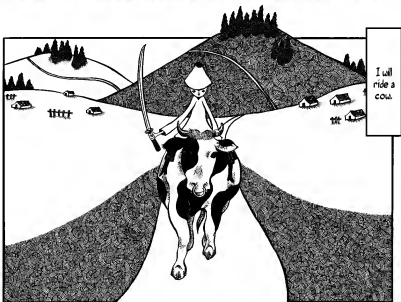
I'll go
some-
where
not
not
here.

I'll go
some-
where
not
here.

I'll
take a
Japan-
ese
sword.

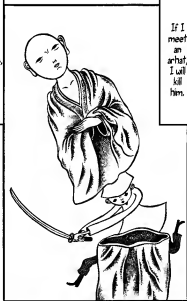








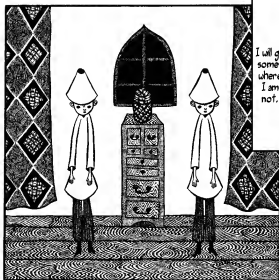
If I
meet
my
parents,
I will
kill
them.



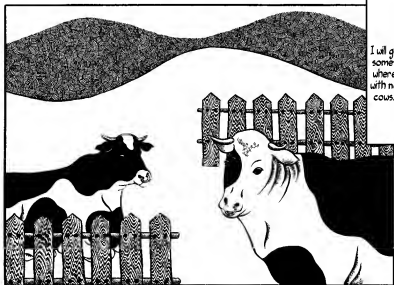
If I
meet
an
arhat,
I will
kill
him.



I will
go
somewhere
with no
other
people.



I will go
some-
where
I am
not.



I will go
some-
where
with no
cows.



I will
cast
away
truth.



I will
cast
away
delusion.

I will
find a
silence
that
makes
me
pluck
out
my
heart.



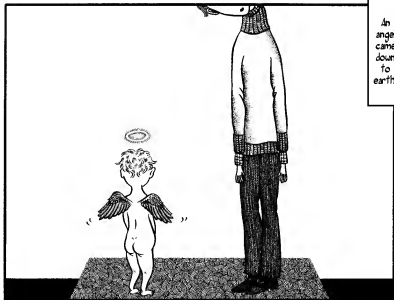
THE END

Angel

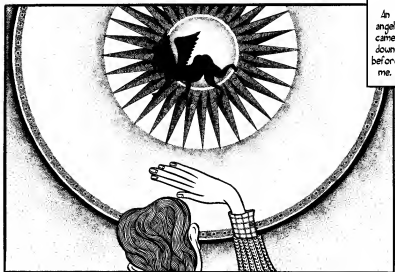


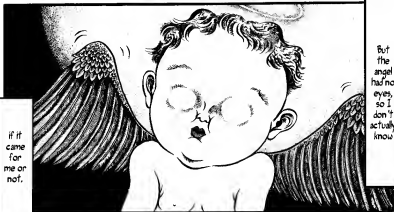
Nishioka
Kyodai

An
angel
came
down
to
earth.



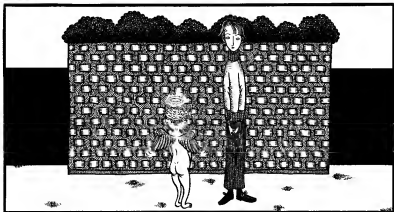
An
angel
came
down
before
me.

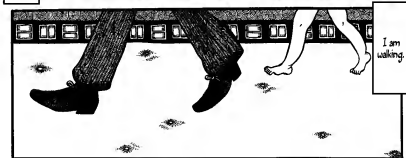




if it
came
for
me or
not.

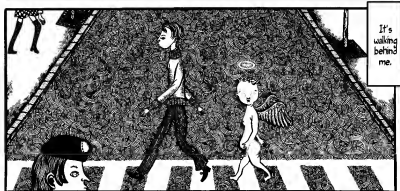
But
the
angel
had no
eyes,
so I
don't
actually
know





This
much
is
true.





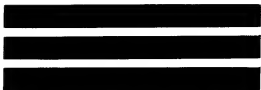


But it's
an angel
after all,
so I can't
just kick it
away like
a dog or
a beggar.

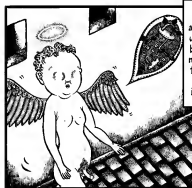
So
I am
walking.
And the
angel is
follow-
ing me.



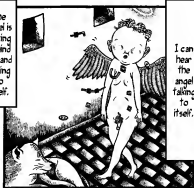
I can
hear
the
flapping
of tiny
wings.



If I
listen
closely,



The
angel is
walking
behind
me and
talking
to
itself.



I can
hear the
angel
talking
to
itself.



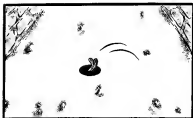
but for
some
reason
I can't
under-
stand
what it's
saying.

The
words
sound
very
familiar,

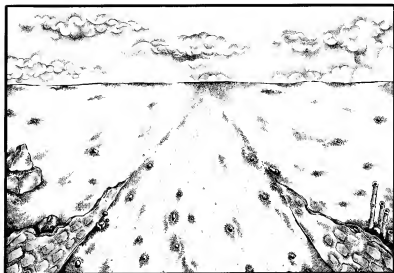


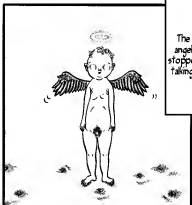


A
rabbit
ran in
front
of me.

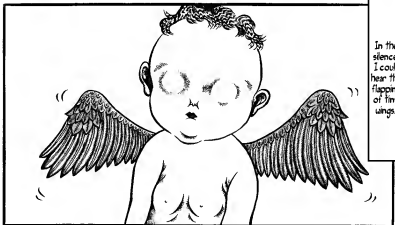


Without
realizing
it, I had
apparently
set foot
outside
of town.

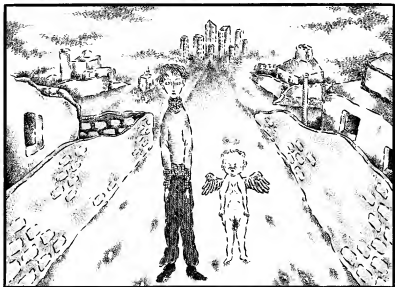
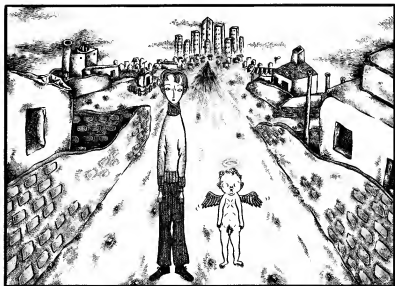




The
angel
stopped
talking.



In the
silence,
I could
hear the
flapping
of tiny
wings.



Suddenly
I was
over-
come
with the
feeling
that
the angel
would
unfurl its
immense
wings



and
swallow
me
within
them.

THE END

1. Ran
Like a
Tiger



Nishioka Kyodai

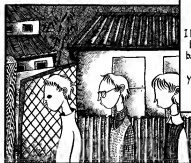
I seem
to have
mis-
remem-
bered
some-
thing.



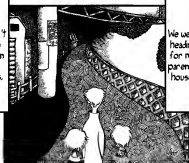
and near
that
was T
Station.



I was
sure this
winding
road led
to the
prefec-
tural
mental
hospital
at the
top of
the hill,



I hadn't
been back in
10 years.



We were
heading
for my
parents'
house.

I liked him
quite well and
would even call
him a friend,
but for some
reason he was
accompanying
me on this
visit home.



This man is Y,
a colleague
of mine,
who was
apparently
staying with
my parents.

She had been a
very smart child,
and I hadn't liked
her very much,
but apparently we
had decided to walk
together since we
were heading the
same direction.



We had run
into my
childhood
friend H
on Tenjin
Bridge.





"Isn't T
Station
at the
top of
the
hill?"



About
halfway
up the
hill,
He said,



"I left my
bike at T
Station.
I always
ride my
bike to
work."



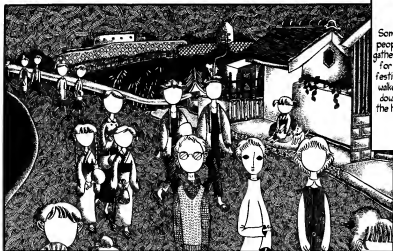
"You're
right.
It's on
the
other
side of
the
bridge
at the
bottom
of the
hill."

"No, it's
across
the
bridge
at the
bottom
of this
hill."

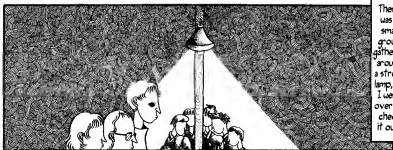


After all,
I hadn't
been home
in 10 years,
so I wasn't
sure about
anything
anymore.

I readily
admitted
my
mistake.



Some people gathered for a festival walked down the hill.



There was a small group gathered around a street lamp, so I went over to check it out.



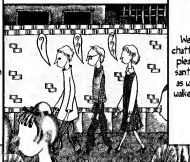
"Crabs."

"With such long arms."

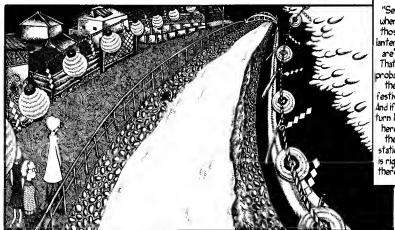
"Long armed crabs."



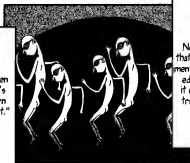
We should have still been quite a ways away.



We chatted pleasantly as we walked.

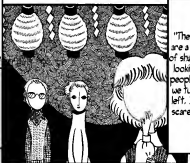


"See where those lanterns are? That's probably the festival. And if we turn left here, the station is right there."

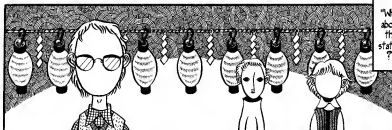


"Then let's turn right."

Now that she mentioned it, it was true.



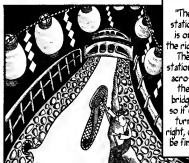
"There are a lot of shady-looking people if we turn left. I'm scared."



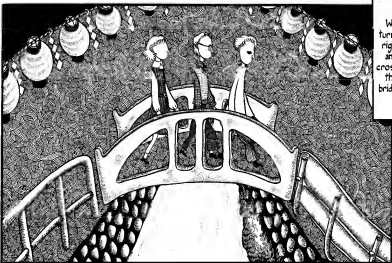
"What about the station?"



"I know a shortcut, so don't worry. Let's just turn right."



"The station is on the right. The station is across the bridge, so if we turn right, we'll be fine."



"We turned right and crossed the bridge."

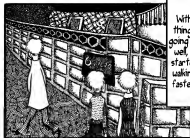
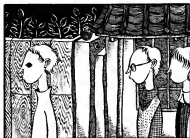


"See, there's the elementary school at the top of this hill."



I felt a small burst of triumph.

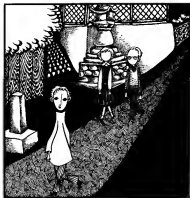
"Oh!"



With things going so well, I started walking faster.



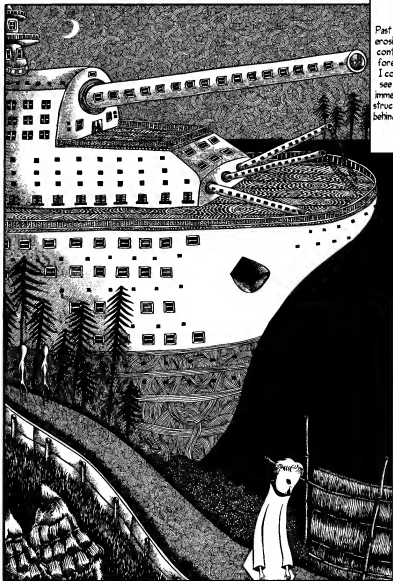
"Here's the short-cut."

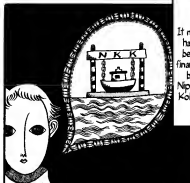


Every-
thing's
going
well.
Though
the
two of
them
are
falling
behind.



Past the
erosion-
control
forest,
I could
see an
immense
structure
behind us.





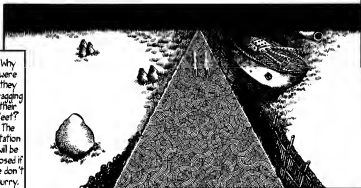
It must have been financed by Nippon Kokan.



When on earth did this get built? It sure is ugly, though.

NOTE - NIPPON KOKAN (NKK) WAS A LARGE STEEL COMPANY.

Why were they dragging their feet? The station will be closed if we don't hurry.



I looked back and saw the two of them chatting pleasantly.



"It must have been a lot of hard work."

See that mountain? We dug that up."



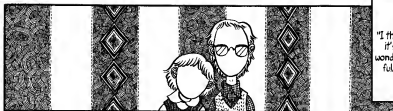
"I worked here as a child. I helped dig the earth used to make the foundation for this building."

"Back then the only thing we were concerned with was building the foundation. I never imagined something like this would be built on top of it."

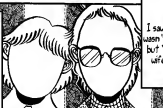


Y was a good fellow and had been through a lot.

"I think it's wonderful."



This was where they first met.



I saw it wasn't H, but Y's wife.

Looking closely,



but what on earth was wrong with me? I'd been making so many mistakes.

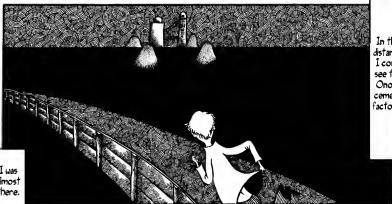


She was always so kind to me. I'd been meaning to pay her a visit to thank her,



"I hope
you'll be
happy!"

I ran.
If we
didn't
hurry,
the
station
would
close.



In the
distance
I could
see the
Onoda
cement
factory.

I was
almost
there.





I ran.



Oh,
good. A
cushion.



But
looking
closer,
it
seemed
not to
be a
cushion
after
all.



It was
a trash
bag!



Holding
some-
thing
soft
as I
run
calms
me
down.

It didn't feel heavy enough to be a dead body or kitchen waste, but I still didn't want to be clutching a trash bag as I ran.

The outer bag was beautiful, but there was definitely something inside it, wrapped in a trash bag.



I wasn't
out of
breath
at all.

I was
really
feeling
good,
though.



I
jumped
up like
a cat.

Here's a
short-
cut.





I'm
running!



The
crunch
crunch
feeling
of
running
along
the top
of the
hedge
was re-
assuring.



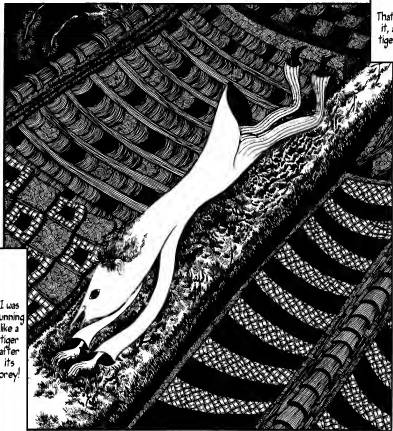
is this
feel-
ing?



What

That's
it, a
tiger.

I was
running
like a
tiger
after
its
prey!





And
there
it is!



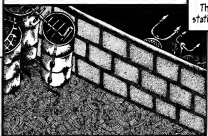
It
squeak-
ed
patheti-
cally in
my
arms.



I am
running.



I'm
sure
of it.



The
station.



I'm
almost
to the
station.



Prey
again.

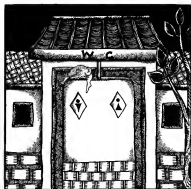
Stupid
thing.
It doesn't
know its
little
friend
had just
become
my
victim.



It
mewed
loudly
in my
arms.

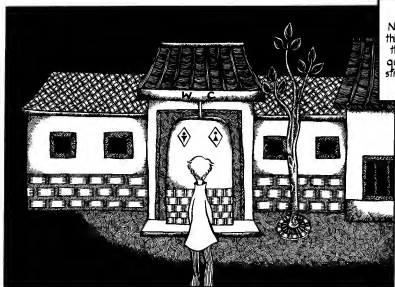


I lost
my
balance
on the
narrow
ledge.



And in
that
instant,
this
tale's
many
mys-
teries
became
clear.





Now
this is
the
ques-
tion.



THE END

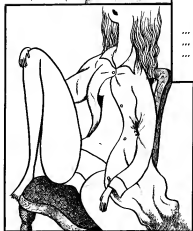


Nishioka
Kyodai



What a
stench

...



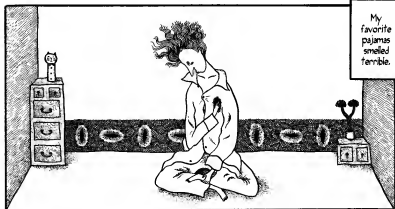
...



...

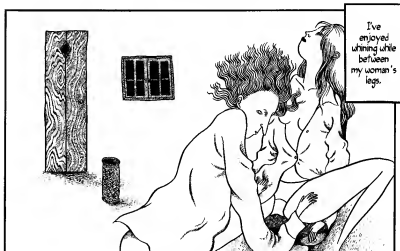
There was
a foul odor.

My
favorite
pajamas
smelled
terrible.





Lately





But
still I
clung
to her,



and the
stench
rubbed
off.

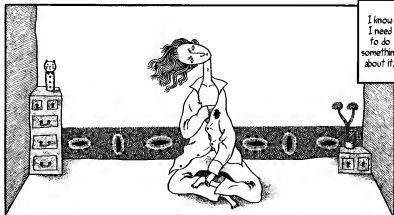


She got
angry and
refused
to speak
to me.



I can't
help it.

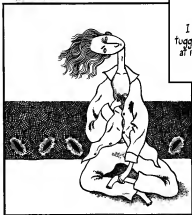
I know
I need
to do
something
about it.



From the tip of
a faintly pink blood
vessel, fetid blood
soaked into my
favorite pajamas.

Some-
thing
foul is
coming
out of
me.





I
tugged
at it



and
my
heart
came
out.





It felt gross, so I pushed it back in.



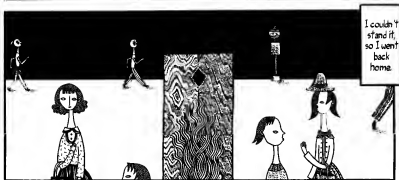
I wanted to hit her.



so to clear my mind, I went outside.

But that was shameful.







That was
the
perfect
excuse
to hit
her.



She
left in
tears.



She was
a filthy
woman.



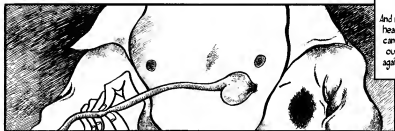
With no
woman left
to hit,
I stopped
hitting.

I can't
help it.

I know
I need
to do
some-
thing
about it.



I
tugged
at it.



And my
heart
came
out
again.



It felt
gross,



so I pulled a
little more
and my
stomach
came out,
too.



It was a
bit of a
surprise.



No
wonder
it stank.



It left
a small
hole.

I didn't
have a
heartbeat
anymore.

I was
worried
it might
clog up.

It
smelled
like shit,
so I
flushed it
down the
toilet.



But I was
relieved
that the
stench was
gone.

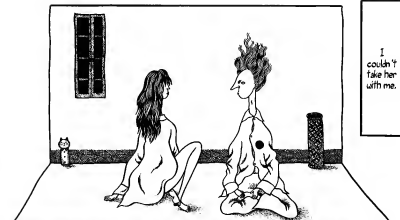
Without
my heart,
I was
worried I
would die.

I realized I felt
weak and cold, and
my face was blue,
so I got scared.

I felt I
could find
one in
town.

It's
strange
not to
have a
heart,
so I
decided
to go in
search
of one.

Now that I
didn't stink
and could go
outside,
I decided to
buy a new
pair of
pajamas.



I
couldn't
take her
with me.



A woman
who got
angry and
silent
and was
punched
and cried,

a woman
who left
me,

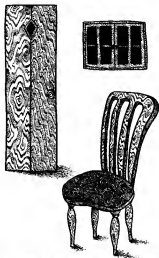


a filthy
woman.

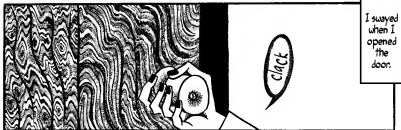
I would be
ashamed
to take
her with
me.



I got
dressed
up.



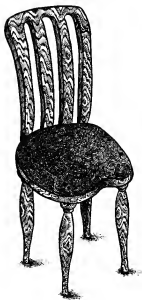
I felt
like I was
running
out of
time.



I swayed
when I
opened
the door.



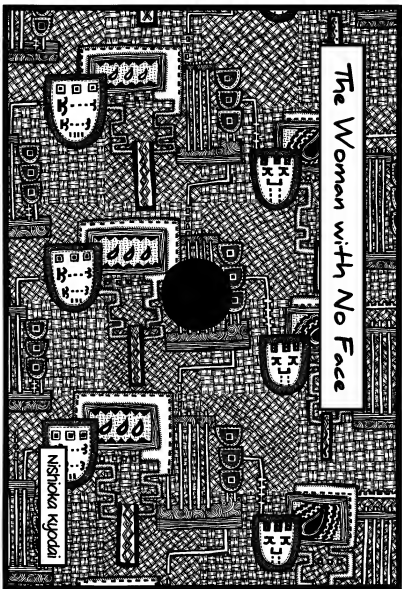
Now to
go out
and find
a heart.



THE END

The Woman with No Face

Nishioka Kyodai



I want to
scream
"help me."
Does that
mean I want
help or that
I want to
scream for
help?

It
doesn't
really
matter...

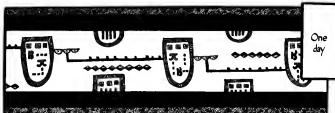


It
doesn't
matter
...

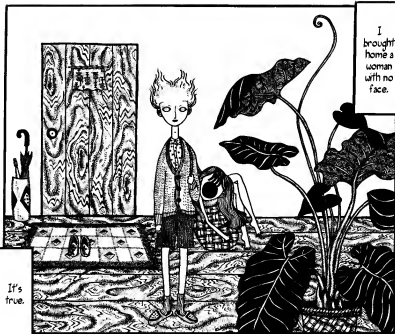


let me
tell you
about
the
woman
with no
face.

Now

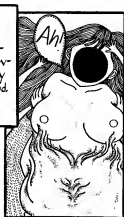
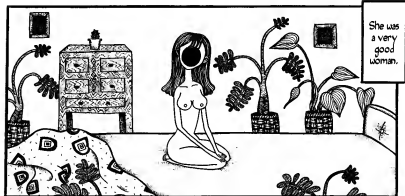


One
day

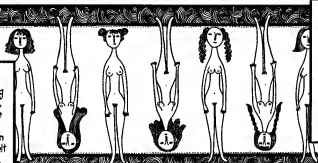


I
brought
home a
woman
with no
face.

It's
true.



and
among
them,
there
were
women
who felt
good,



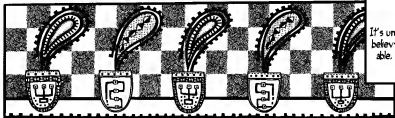
I had been
with many
women in
the past,

I've
never
felt
anything
like this.



but, oh,
this
feels
amazing.

It's un-
believ-
able.



We began
our life
together.

She had
a good
person-
ality.

And I was
happy.

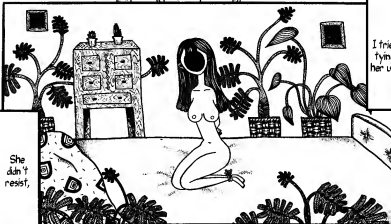
And she
liked
cleaning.



Then one
day I was
struck by
curiosity.



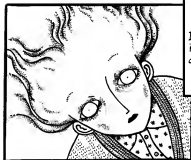
I tried
tying
her up.



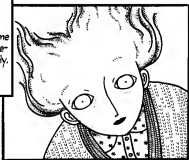
She
didn't
resist,

so I
stuck
it in.





I came
immedi-
ately.

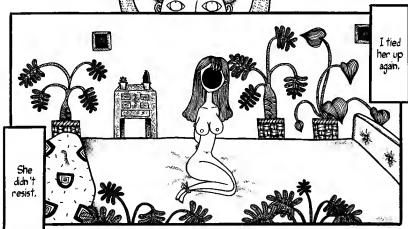
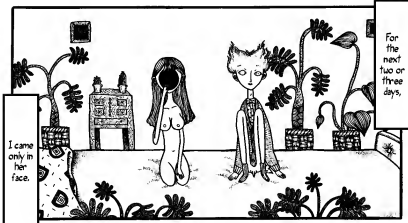


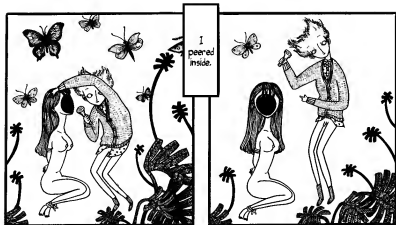
It was
wonder-
ful.



I came
so much.
It was
wonder-
ful.

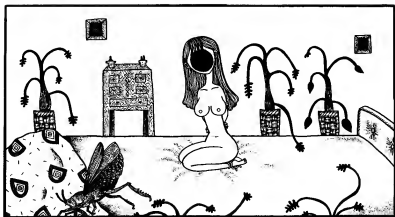
It felt
so natural -
no friction
- just the
sense of
being
swallowed
up, of
falling.





and
fell.





And
now
I'm
here.

I can't
tell if I'm
still falling
or if I've
stopped.

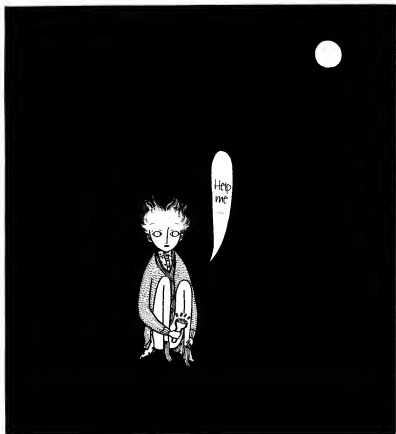


The light of
my flashlight
is swallowed
up by the
darkness.



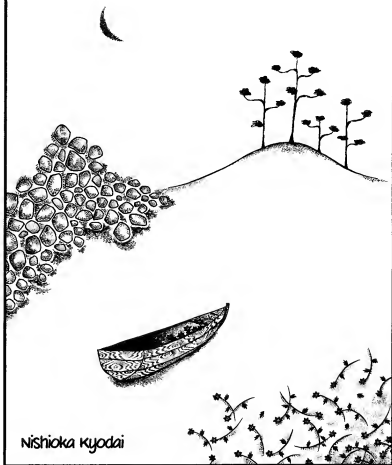
The
moon
floats
around
slowly.



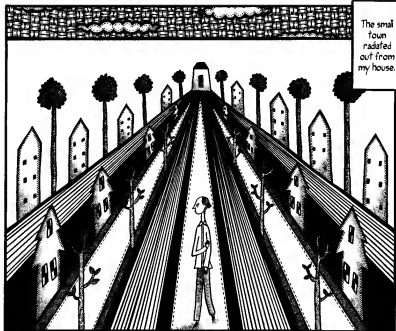


THE END

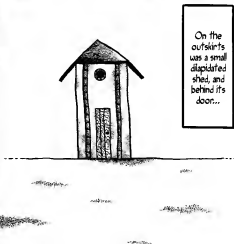
Boat



Nishioka Kyodai

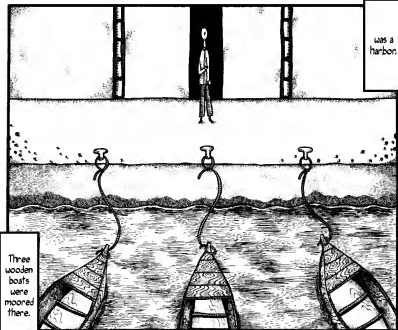


The small town radiated out from my house.

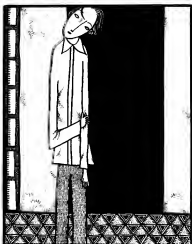
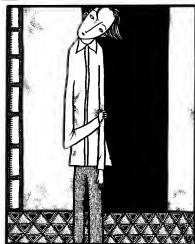


On the outskirts was a small dilapidated shed, and behind its door...

was a
harbor.



Three
wooden
boats
were
moored
there.



It is said
that long ago
when the
first settlers
crossed the
ocean and
arrived on
these shores,
they tied their
boats up here

and built
this shed
before
establish-
ing the
town.



The
boats
floated
like
corpses
on the
still
surface of
the
sea.



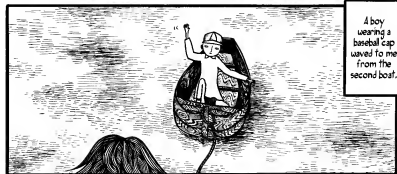


I
squatted
down by
the water
and
watched
the boats.



She glanced
over at me,
and then
covered
her head
and began
picking
flowers.

There was
a girl in
the first
boat.



A boy
wearing a
baseball cap
waved to me
from the
second boat.



In the third boat was my mother, who stared down at the boards below her feet.

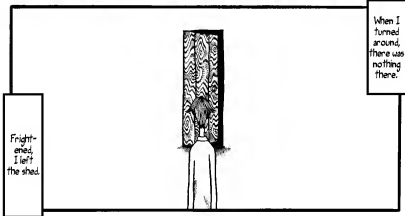


that my father was no longer in this town.

I thought she must have been sad



I thought my father might have died at sea.

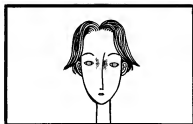


Fright-
ened,
I left
the shed.

When I
turned
around,
there was
nothing
there.



"I didn't join my mother in her boat," I thought.

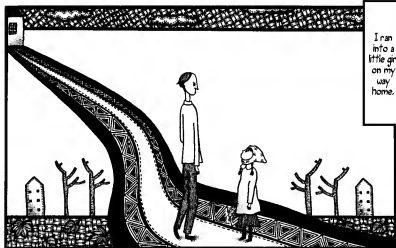


I didn't know why, but I regretted it.



to stop coming here.

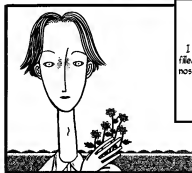
I decided



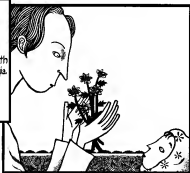
I ran
into a
little girl
on my
way
home.

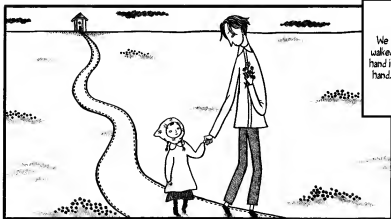


She smiled
at me
and held
out her
flowers, so
I think it
was the girl
from the
boat.



I was
filled with
nostalgia.





We
walked
hand in
hand.



but
some-
thing was
wrong.



I
brought
her
home,



Looking closely,
it was
clearly a
different
girl.



I felt
awful,

so I
killed
her.



"I have
to get
out of
here," I
thought.



I put
her in a
bottle
and
ignored
her.



Glancing
over
at the
bottle,
I saw my
ocean
inside,

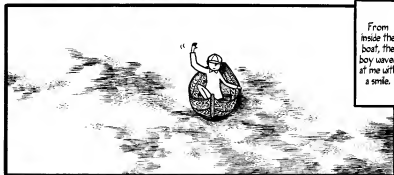
and a
single
boat
floating
on the
surface.



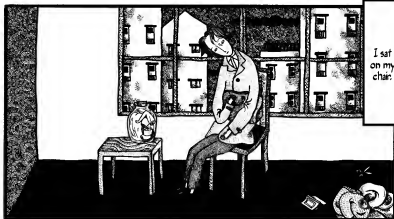
I would
go
some-
where
far
away.



I
decided
to use
the boat
to
escape.



From
inside the
boat, the
boy waved
at me with
a smile.



I sat
on my
chair.



The boy
waved at
me with
a smile.



I felt
as if I'd
been
betray-
ed...



Our
Gang



Nishioka
Kyodai





Where
am I
going?



Why are
they
following
me?

What are
these
people
doing?



These people



These people

are missing something, though it's impossible to say exactly what.

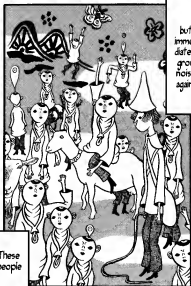


But they
can't do
a single
thing for
themselves.

These
people



can do
any-
thing
you don't
want
them to
do.



but im-
me-
diately
grow
noisy
again.

These
people



will fall
silent
with the
crack of
a whip



but
never
look
for an
answer to
anything.

These
people



will ask
questions
about
anything
they
possibly
can

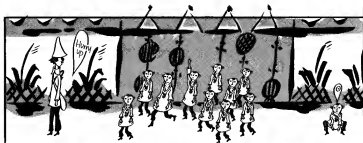


Their
numbers
increase
and
decrease,
and their
size gets
larger
and
smaller.

Why on
earth



have no
sense of
being a
group or
individuals.

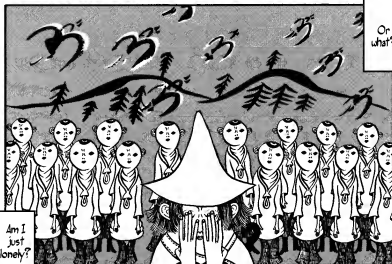


must
I be
respon-
sible for
them?



if these
people
just dis-
appear-
ed?

Would
there be
problems



Or
what?

Am I
just
lonely?

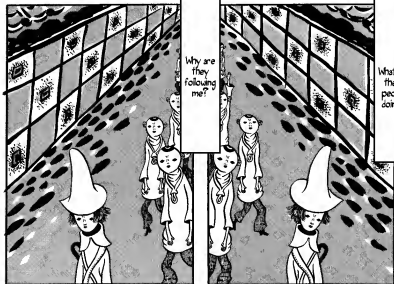
What
am I
doing?

Where
am I
going?



Why are
they
following
me?

What are
these
people
doing?





Do they
need
me?

Do I
love
them?

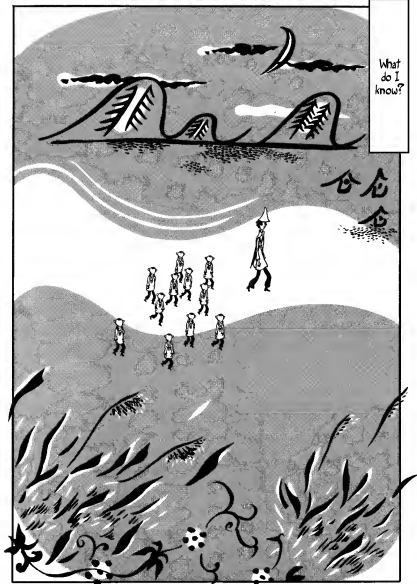


What on
earth
am I?



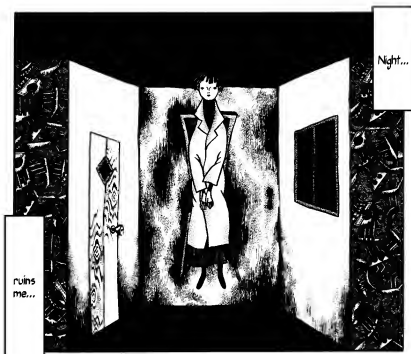
What on
earth
are they?

What
do I
know?



THE END

Night

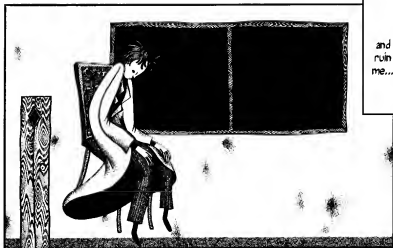


Nishioka Kyodai

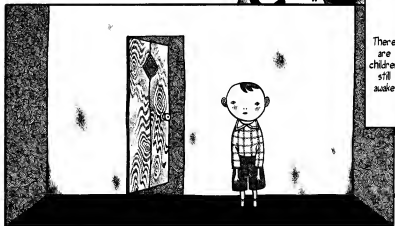
There
are
children
still
awake

who tap
on the
window





and
ruin
me...



There
are
children
still
awake



who
shuffle
down
the hall



and
ruin
me.





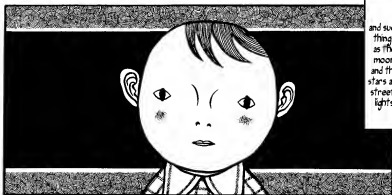




The
children
who are
awake in
the
middle of
the night



are
very bad
children,

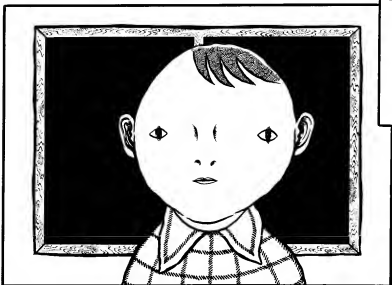
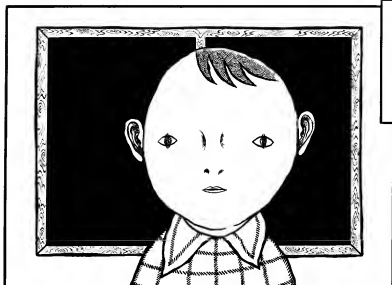


and such
things
as the
moon
and the
stars and
street-
lights

have
nothing
to do



with the
world in
which
they
live...





Nishioka Kyodai Ⅰ

and my
house
key in
the
other,



With
a few
coins in
one hand



I walked.

I walked
alongside
the
river:

I wanted
a coffee
and a
cola to
drink.

across
the
bridge,

Far
down
the
road,

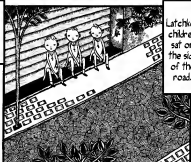
I wanted
to buy
a coffee
and a cola
from it.

was a
vending
machine.

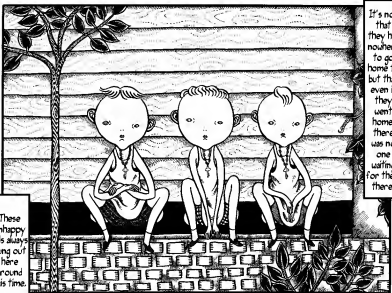




Just
hanging
out.

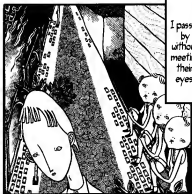


Latchkey
children
sat on
the side
of the
road.

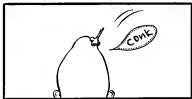


These
unhappy
kids always
hung out
here
around
this time.

It's not
that
they had
nowhere
to go
home to
but that
even if
they went
home,
there was
no one
waiting
for them
there.



I passed
by
without
meeting
their
eyes.



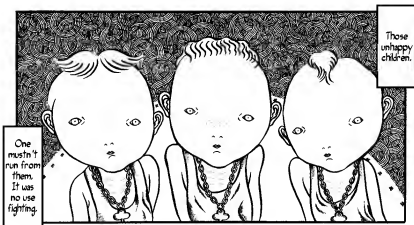
"Oh,
a key."

They'd
thrown
a key.

They'd
thrown
a key
at me.

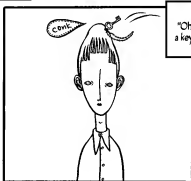
Why
were
they
throw-
ing
keys?

Why
were
they
throw-
ing so
many
keys at
me?

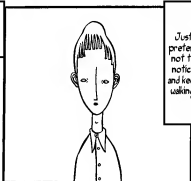


One
mustn't
run from
them.
It was
no use
fighting.

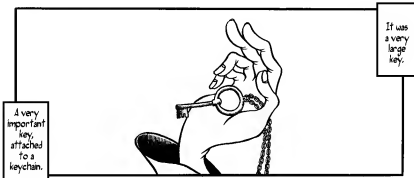
Those
unhappy
children.



"Oh,
a key."

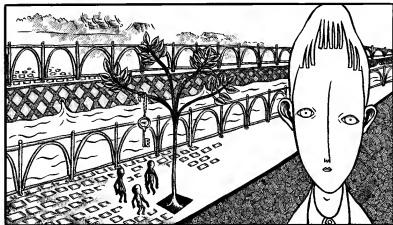
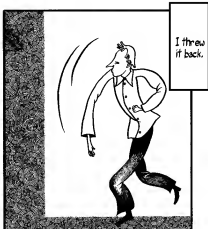


Just
pretend
not to
notice
and keep
walking.



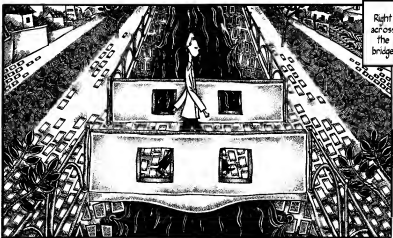
A very
important
key,
attached
to a
keychain.

It was
a very
large
key.





Not my
problem.



Right
across
the
bridge

where I
will buy a
coffee
and
a cola.



is the
vending
machine

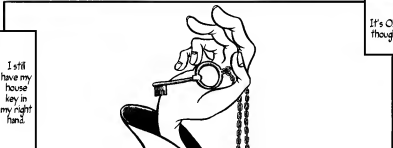
I can't
buy
them.



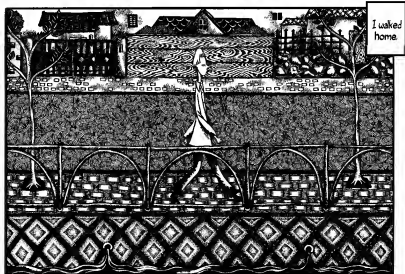
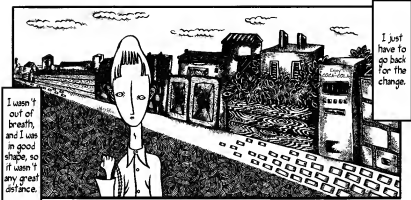
I
dropped
my
change.



I still
have my
house
key in
my right
hand.

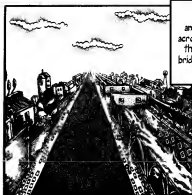


It's OK,
though.

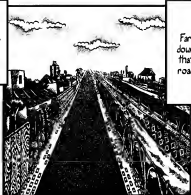


I didn't
cross
the
bridge

but
instead
followed
the road
on the
other
side of
the river



and
across
the
bridge,



Far
down
that
road

I would be
home soon
enough,
and it's not
like I was
desperately
in need of a
coffee or
a cola.



was my
apart-
ment
building.



I kept waking.

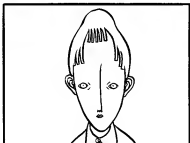
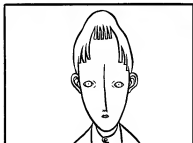


I walked home.



No matter how far I walked, there was no bridge.

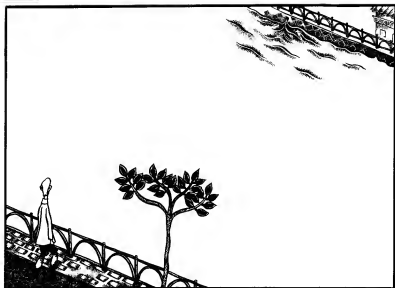
There was no bridge.

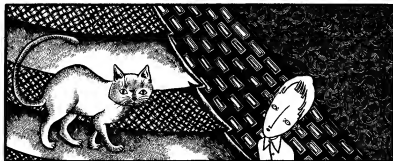
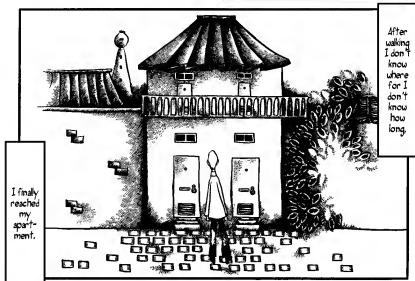


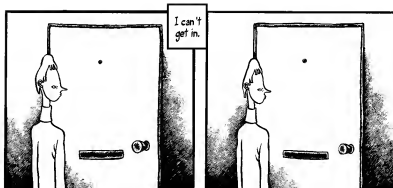


"Oh,
isn't
that my
apart-
ment?"

But
there
was no
bridge,
so that
couldn't
be my
apart-
ment.







I can't
get in.



I
dropped
the key.



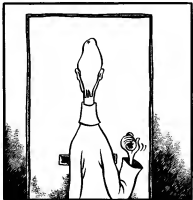
That
might
have
been
my key.



But it's
OK.

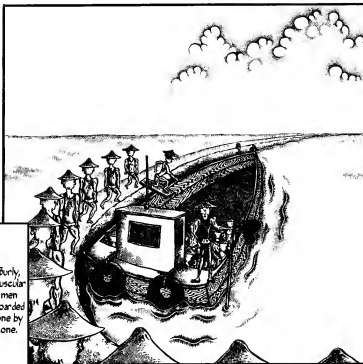
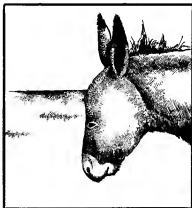
In my left
hand, I held
the key to
tomorrow.





There
was an
ocean.



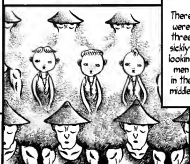


A large
boat was
moored
there.

Burly,
muscular
men
boarded
one by
one.



On closer look, it was those latchkey children.



There were three sickly-looking men in the middle.

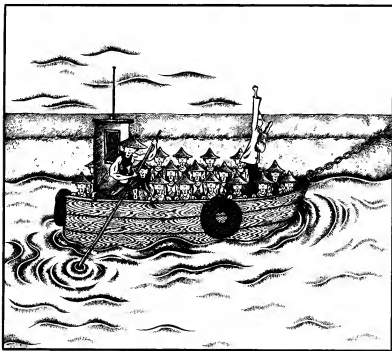
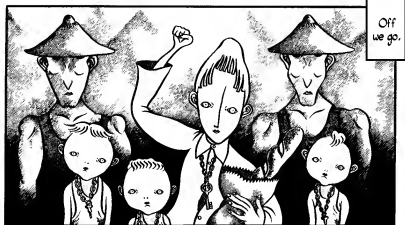
Thankfully, they didn't seem to remember me.



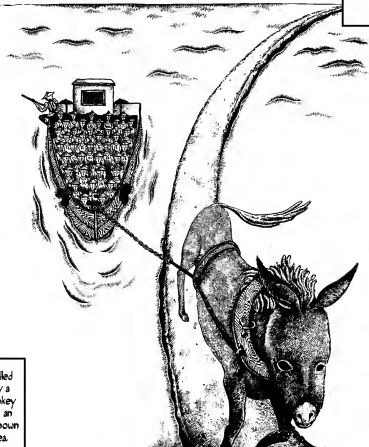
They must have been unable to get home.



They gave me some bread.



And so
I began
my
journey,



pulled
by a
donkey
on an
unknown
sea.

THE END

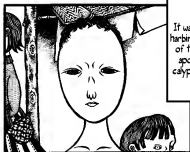
god

Nishioka Kyodai



First,
my
ears
fell off.

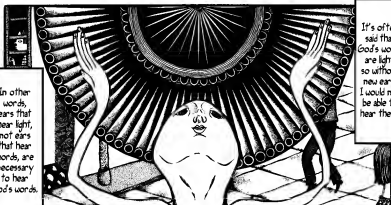




It was a
harbinger
of the
apo-
calypse.

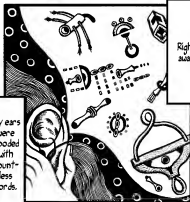


It was
a sign.



In other
words,
ears that
hear light,
not ears
that hear
words, are
necessary
to hear
God's words.

It's often
said that
God's words
are light,
so without
new ears,
I would not
be able to
hear them.



my ears
were
flooded
with
count-
less
words.

Right
away



Soon
new ears
began to
grow.



to be
the
"pure
woman,"
the
mother
who
would
repop-
ulate
this new
world.



In the
near
future,
humanity
would be
wiped
out, and
I had
been
chosen

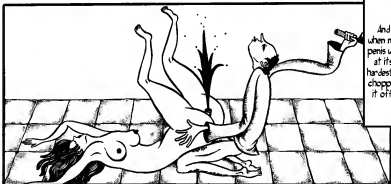
I put
my
penis
in her
vagina.



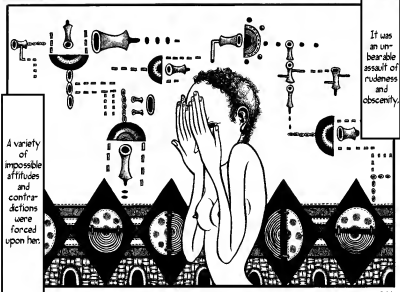
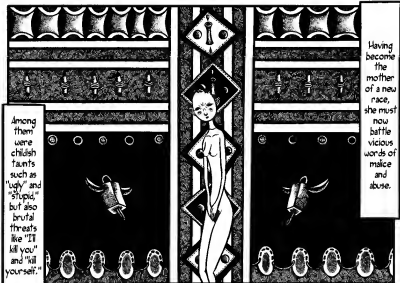
So,
as in-
structed,
I went
out and
found a
woman.



And
when my
penis was
at its
hardest, I
chopped
it off.

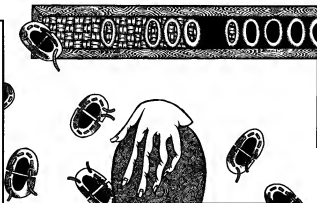






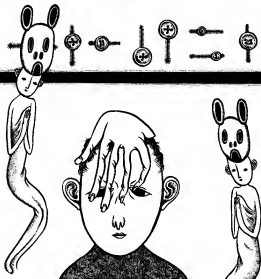
When at last a hundred years had passed, and she was trembling in fear and uncertainty, finally the words of God reached her.

She withstood these insults for a hundred years believing them to be another test from God.



They were nothing more than the misdirected anger of the dead, and she need not pay them any heed.

God told her that the words she had been hearing were not God's words, but the anguish and hatred of the spirits of those who had died in the flood.



and it was understandable that they should be filled with envy for my flesh when they had no bodies of their own,



Considering the fact that their frustration at not being able to touch the enchanting woman I had become was what drove them to such cowardly acts, I must share some of the blame,

that I could send them all to hell with just a single flick of my finger:



I had to make them see that they were so weak



but although as God's chosen one, I must treat the wretched with compassion,

in
high places
there still
remained
a few
refugees
who needed
to be culled
and so with
my giant
scythe
I beheaded
one after
another

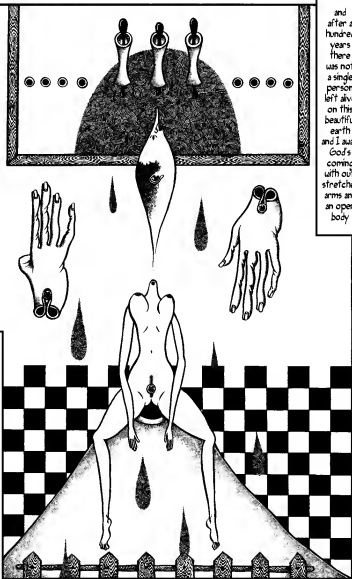
And so
having
recovered
my powers,
I poured
my heart
and soul
into
preparing
for the
creation of
God's new
world, and
although
mankind
had been
almost
entirely
obliterated
by the
flood,

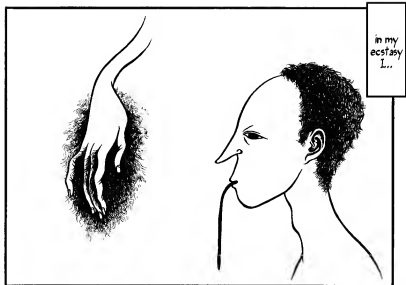
and so I
vowed to
dedicate
my skill and
knowledge
to the
revival of
my holy and
omnipotent
God's
kingdom

to purify
the land in
preparation
for the
kingdom of
God and I
tiled
the land,
creating
a bed for
our coming
holy night

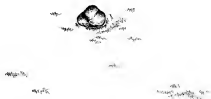
and
after a
hundred
years
there
was not
a single
person
left alive
on this
beautiful
earth
and I await
God's
coming
with out-
stretched
arms and
an open
body

and my
holy God
will be
drawn
to my
loveliness
and his
power will
rain down
on me,
rain down
on me,
and we will
be joined
to birth a
new race
and it will
feel so
good that
in my
ecstasy
I...





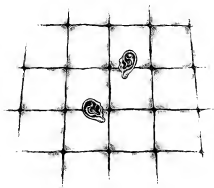
In the
distance
there
was
a single
pebble.



And he
would
stumble



and
fall.



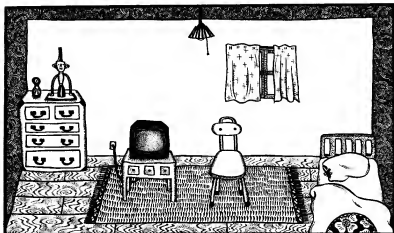
THE END

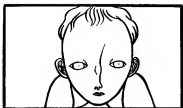
HELL



Nishioka
kyodai

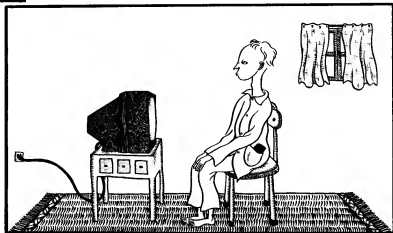
I fell
down
to hell.

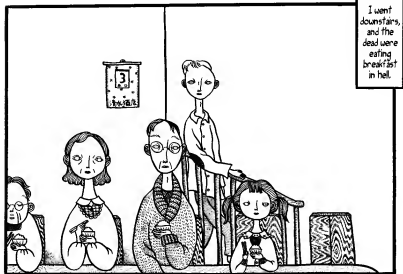


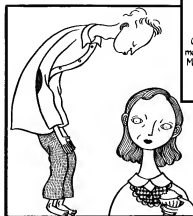


Frightened,
I turned
on the
TV,

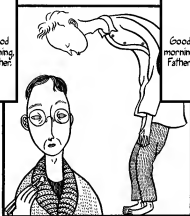
I
opened
the
window
and it
was hell
outside.







Good morning, Mother.



Good morning, Father.



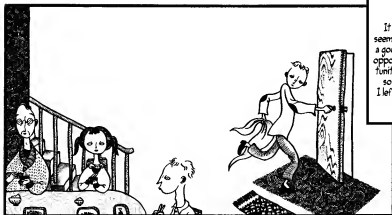
I said good morning to every one in my family.



there was an unfamiliar man sitting in my chair.



On closer inspection,



It
seemed
a good
oppor-
tunity,
so
I left.

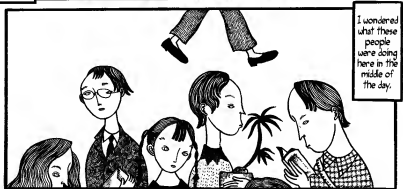
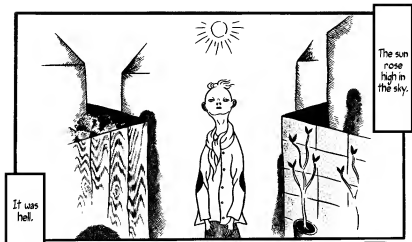


I
wanted
to
escape
this hell.



I
wanted
to find
the
place

where
I fell.



I sat down
on a park
bench, and
it was
hellish.



I search-
ed but
couldn't
find any-
thing.



This was
probably
about
where
I fell.



People
walked
past.



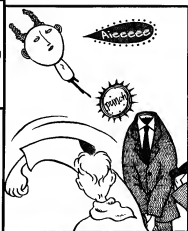
At some
point
I fell
asleep.



He
couldn't
fool me.



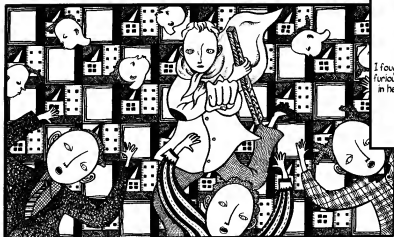
He
panicked
and ran.



The powers that
were trying to
drag me to hell
were trying to
tempt me.



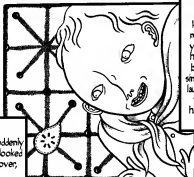
I
fought.



I fought
furiously
in hell.

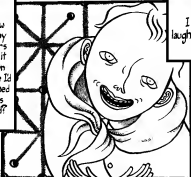


They
tried
to get
away.

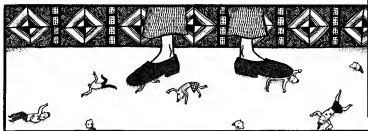


How
many
years
had it
been
since I'd
laughed
this
hard?

Suddenly
I looked
over,



I
laughed.



and I
saw I was
smashing
them
beneath
my feet
like bugs.



I had
be-
come a
giant in
hell.

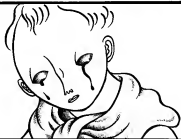
Thinking it
must be
a dream,
I awoke.

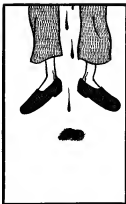
The sun
was high
in the
sky.

This
was
hell.



I sat
on the
park
bench.

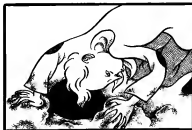




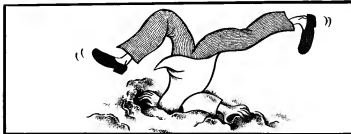
I
thought
it must
be the
exit to
hell.



There was
one place
where the
ground was
a different
color.



I dug
a hole.



It was
impossible.

I filled
the hole.

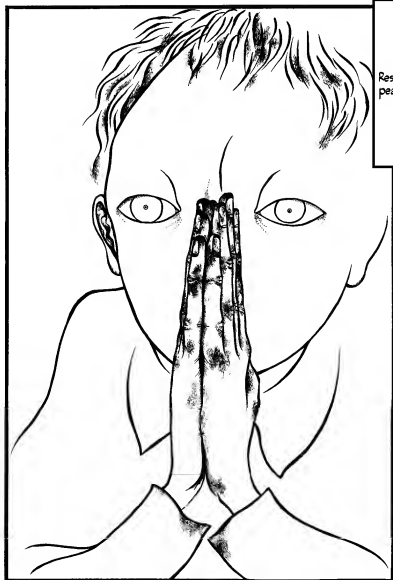


I built
a small
grave
there.



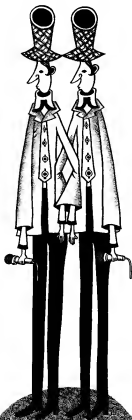
I
prayed.





Rest in
peace.

Apple- Selling Song



Nishioka Kyodai

The
apple
seller's
wander
around



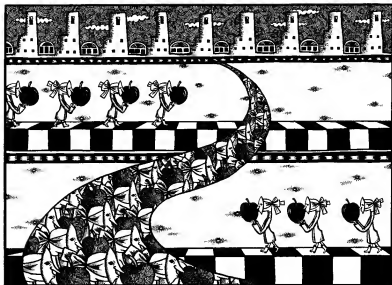
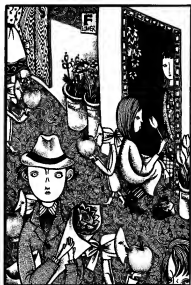
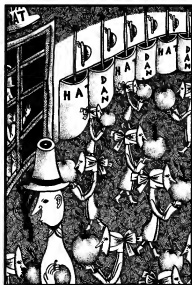
selling
the
apple
that
Newton
dropped
that
day.

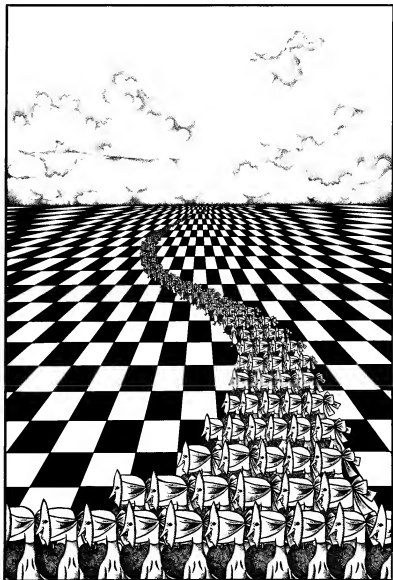


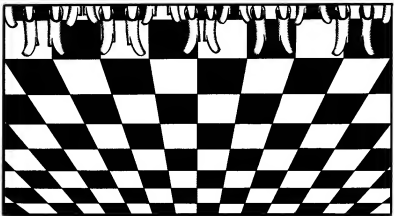
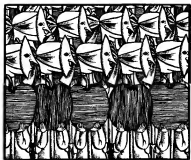
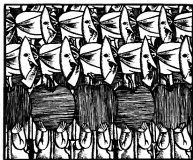
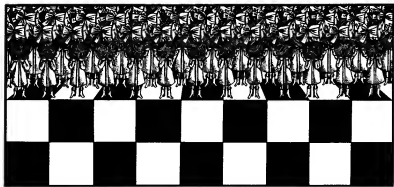


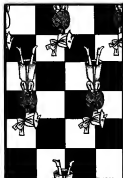
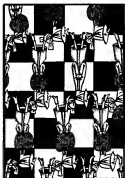
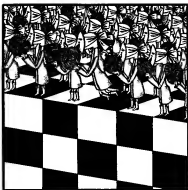
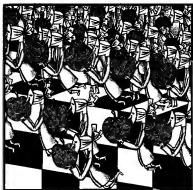
"Something terrible has already happened."



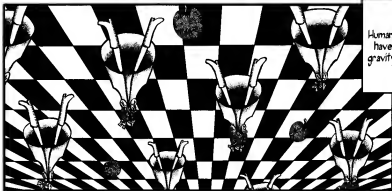








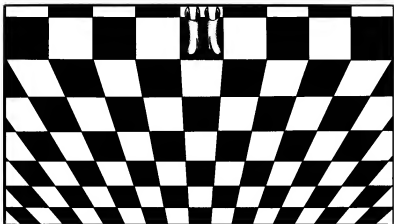
Humans
have
gravity.



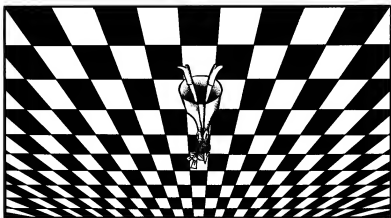
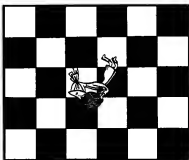
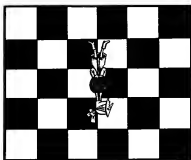
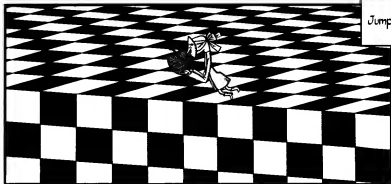
Humans
have
gravity.



To end
a story
that is
already
over...



Jump.

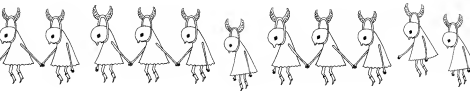


You
might
find
some-
thing at
the end
of a
forty
million
foot fall



So
there's
no
need to
despair.

THE END



Through the Eyes of Nishioka Kyodai

Oshita Sanae - author

WHENEVER WE SLEEP, WE DREAM. OUR DREAMS ARE ANOTHER ASPECT OF OURSELVES. YET IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO REMEMBER ALL OUR DREAMS. DREAMS ARE OUR BLOATED CORPSES THAT WE EXCRETE EACH NIGHT.

THE FIRST TIME I SAW THE NAME NISHIOKA KYODAI, I FELT SOMETHING CURIOUSLY RAW ABOUT IT. (T/N KYODAI MEANS SIBLINGS AND IS USUALLY WRITTEN WITH THE CHARACTERS FOR ELDER BROTHER AND YOUNGER BROTHER. HOWEVER, IN THE CASE OF NISHIOKA KYODAI, THEY WRITE IT WITH THE CHARACTERS FOR ELDER BROTHER AND YOUNGER SISTER.) SIBLINGS ARE AN ODDITY, BORN FROM THE SAME WOMB, IN A WAY THEY ARE A REMINDER OF THE WORLD BEFORE BIRTH EVEN MORE SO THAN OUR PARENTS. AND IN THIS CASE, NOT JUST BROTHERS, NOT JUST SISTERS, BUT BROTHER AND SISTER, BROTHER AND SISTER CREATING ART TOGETHER.

IN THE CASE OF NISHIOKA KYODAI, THE BROTHER WRITES THE SCRIPT, AND THE SISTER DRAWS THE IMAGES. IN AN INTERVIEW, THE SISTER SAID, "IT'S LIKE MY BROTHER CREATES THE SKELETON, AND I ADD THE FLESH." (AX VOL. 15) IT IS INDEED A BODY THEY CREATE, NOT A BODY OF FLESH AND BLOOD, BUT THAT OTHER BODY, THE DREAM BODY.



IT'S NOT THAT THEY WRITE DOWN HALF-REMEMBERED DREAMS. IN DOING THAT, ONE CAN ONLY OBSERVE FROM THE OUTSIDE AND CANNOT ESCAPE THE RESTRAINTS OF CONSCIOUSNESS. YOU COULD ALMOST SAY THAT THEIR METHOD IS TO ENTER A DREAM AND BRING THOSE DREAM EVENTS INTO REALITY.

THEY DON'T STOP TO THINK ABOUT WHAT THEY SEE OR WHAT IS HAPPENING THERE. IF THERE IS AN APPLE, THEY DRAW AN APPLE, AND IF THEY ARE FLYING, THEY DON'T THINK ABOUT THE FACT THAT FLYING IS IMPOSSIBLE. BUT JUST FLY. THEY ARE NOT USING ESTABLISHED CONVENTIONS TO EXPRESS FEELINGS AND THOUGHTS (SUCH AS SPROUTING WINGS TO EXPRESS A DESIRE FOR FREEDOM, OR THE BACKGROUND GROWING DARK TO SHOW LONELINESS). BUT RATHER SIMPLY DRAWING THE UNKNOWN. THE RESULT IS UNEXPECTED, AND BOTH SHOCKING YET SOMEHOW EASY TO ACCEPT.

IN "HELL," THE PROTAGONIST SEES ANOTHER VERSION OF HIMSELF. THERE IS ANOTHER HIM SITTING IN HIS HOUSE. AND HE RUNS AWAY FROM IT. IN "OUR GANG," BOTH THE PROTAGONIST, "I," AND THE GANG, "WE," EXIST. THESE THINGS ARE IMPOSSIBLE. BUT WE HAVE PROBABLY ALL HAD SIMILAR DREAMS.

THAT IS THE REALITY OF DREAMS. THAT MUST BE NISHIOKA KYODAI'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS LITERARY CREATION - TO SIMPLY CLOSE THEIR EYES TO THE ESTABLISHED METHODS OF ANALYSIS AND DRAW THEIR DREAMS.

IN MOST JAPANESE MANGA, THE EYES ARE DRAWN TO BE EXTRAORDINARILY EXPRESSIVE. BUT IN NISHIOKA KYODAI'S WORKS, THE EYES ARE ALMOST ENTIRELY EXPRESSIONLESS. NOTHING MORE THAN HOLES (NOT ONLY DO THEY NOT HAVE PUPILS AND IRISES, BUT SOMETIMES THERE IS NOT EVEN A DIVISION BETWEEN THE WHITES AND BLACKS OF THE EYES). PERHAPS THAT IS BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT JUST EYES, BUT FUNCTION AS HOLES THAT LINK REALITY TO DREAMS.

THERE ARE SOME THINGS WE CANNOT TAKE WITH US INTO OUR DREAMS. SUCH AS OUR BODIES AND OTHER PEOPLE. LIKE DREAMS, THE ACT OF EXPRESSION AND THE ACT OF READING CANNOT INVOLVE OUR BODIES. BUT SOMETIMES IT DOES. A FEELING OF PAIN, COMFORT, AN ITCH.



FOR EXAMPLE, IN "I RAN LIKE A TIGER," THE FEELING OF CLUTCHING THE CUSHION-LIKE THING THAT HAD FALLEN ON THE GROUND, OR STEPPING ON THE HEDGE. OR THE PAIN OF DIGGING A HOLE WITH ONE'S FINGERS AT THE END OF "HELL." I'VE NEVER DONE THOSE THINGS IN REAL LIFE, BUT I COULD FEEL THOSE SENSATIONS.

THEN THERE'S THE STORY WHERE THE PROTAGONIST DISEMBOWELS HIMSELF. HE'S PULLING OUT HIS OWN GUTS, BUT THE FACT THAT HE DOESN'T SEEM AT ALL CONCERNED BY IT MAKES IT FUNNY. IT'S DISGUSTING YET ALSO SOMEHOW HUMOROUS AND NOSTALGIC. IT REMINDS ME OF PLAYING WITH CLAY AS A CHILD, AND THE FEELING OF CLAY BETWEEN MY FINGERS. PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE THESE STORIES ARE A COLLABORATION BETWEEN SIBLINGS – PEOPLE WITH A CLOSE BOND, YET STILL OTHER – THAT THEY DO NOT LOSE THEIR DREAMLIKE QUALITY WHILE STILL OOZING WITH PHYSICALITY.

THE DESIGNS AND PATTERNS, DRAWN WITH MORE DETAIL THAN THE SCRIPT AND COMPOSITION DEMAND, LIKE PATTERNS ON TEXTILES AND CERAMICS, ARE PERHAPS NOT MEANT TO REPLICATE REALITY, BUT FUNCTION MORE LIKE A SPELL TO DRAW THE READER INTO THE MATERIAL. THE SYMMETRY AND REPETITION OF PATTERNS MAKE FOR BOTH AN ABSTRACT SPACE AND ALSO SOMETHING THAT FEELS CURIOUSLY RAW. YOU MIGHT SAY IT'S A UNIQUE EXPRESSION THAT CANNOT BE ACHIEVED THROUGH WRITTEN WORD ALONE.

WHEN READING THE WORKS OF NISHIOKA KYODAI, "UNDERSTANDING" MAY NOT BE APPLICABLE. THE READER MUST SIMPLY ENTER THE DREAM AND EXPERIENCE IT. THUS EACH READER WILL HAVE AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT WAY OF SAVORING THEM. PERHAPS THEY WILL BE SUCKED INTO ONE OF THE MANY HOLES IN THE STORY AND BRIEFLY EXPERIENCE ANOTHER "SELF" WHO NEVER EXISTED IN THIS WORLD.

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東京都新宿区舟町12番地ワイルド多賀305

TEL 03-33520471【営業部】03-33520470【編集部】

FAX 03-33520479【共通】

<http://www.scfmagic.ne.jp/ax/index.html>

装幀 ミルキイ・インペ レイアウト 安倍晴美

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見下・通しはお取り替え致します。

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